

Δη Ρί

“πάῤῥαίς ἡὰς ρίῤῥαίς”

15 ἡεῖῥαῖ 1912

Do haíscríobhó ón eagrán ar fáil anso:

“<https://www.pearsemuseum.ie/wp-content/uploads/2014/11/An-Macaomh-May-1913.compressed.pdf>”

Do húsáireadh cló “Dunló SC” ón:

“<https://www.gaelchlo.com/bunge.html>”

Déan teagmáil liom ar: clochuradoir@gmx.com

Meiteam 2024

Δη Ρί

.1. ράιτ̃-ćłuiće

πάδραϊc μαc πιαραις
ὑο σγρίοḃ

THE KING

A MORALITY

PÁDRAIC MAC PIARAIS
written by

AN FUIREANN ANNSO SÍOS:

MACRAÖ

GIOLLA NA NAOMH .i. mac beas

MANAIŠ

ABB

MÍLEAÖ

RÍ

LAOCRAÖ

GIOLLARHAÖ

BANTRACT

ÁIT DO'N CLUICHE SO—SEAN-MÁINISTIR

CHARACTERS:

BOYS

GIOLLA NA NAOMH (“the Servant of the Saints”), a Little Boy

MONKS

AN ABBOT

A SOLDIER

A KING

HEROES

GILLIES

WOMEN

PLACE—An ancient monastery

AN RÍ

Ʀaítce os comair na mainistreach. Slórca manac as cantain. Buadball do labairt tre'n scantain. An mac beas do riú ó'n mainistir amac agus do seasam ar an bƦaítce as féacain fá óein na háirde in ar labair an buadball.

An Mac Beas.

A Conail, a Diarmaid, a Giolla na Naomh!

Slórca macraíde dá freasairt.

An Mac Beas.

Tá sluas as triall adtuaid!

An macraíde do ceacht ar an bƦaítce.

Mac Dóib.

Cá bfuil sé?

An Céad Mac.

Féad uait sa ngleann é.

An Treas Mac.

Is é sluas an Ríog é.

An Ceathraíde Mac.

Tá an Rí as triall cum cacla.

An buadball do labairt arís, agus é níos soire. An macraíde do dul ar barr múir na mainistreach. Cluintear siosmarnaí an tsluais agus é as gluaisceacht.

An Céad Mac.

Cím na heathraíde agus na marcais.

THE KING

A green before the monastery. The voices of monks are heard chanting. Through the chanting breaks the sound of a trumpet. A little boy runs out from the monastery and stands on the green looking in the direction whence the trumpet has spoken.

THE FIRST BOY.

Conal, Diarmaid, Giolla na Naomh!

The voices of other boys answer him.

THE FIRST BOY.

There is a host marching from the North.

The boys come out upon the green.

ONE OF THE BOYS

Where is it?

THE FIRST BOY.

See it beneath you in the glen.

THE THIRD BOY.

It is the King's host.

THE FOURTH BOY.

The King is going to battle.

The trumpet speaks again, nearer. The boys go upon the rampart of the monastery. The murmur of a marching host is heard.

THE FIRST BOY.

I see the horses and the riders.

AN DARA MAC.

Ćím na claidiḡm aḡus na sleaḡḡa.

AN CEAC. MAC.

Ćím na suaiḡeantais aḡus na meirḡí.

AN CREAS M̃MAC.

Ćím meirḡe an Ríḡḡ.

AN CEAC. MAC.

Ćím an Rí!

AN ĆÉAD M̃MAC.

Cia aca an Rí?

AN CEAC. MAC.

An fear áro áluiḡn aca ar an eac dub.

ḡIOLLA NA NAOMH.

ḡeannuiḡimís do'n Ríḡ.

AN M̃ACRAO.

(o'áiḡeasḡ aon duine).

ḡeir buaiḡo áca aḡus oḡsḡarca, a Rí!

ḡlórcā laoḡraiḡe aḡus macraiḡe aḡ molaḡo an Ríḡḡ.

ḡuaim aḡus ḡormān an tḡluaḡḡ aḡ ḡluaiseacḡ cum an áca.

Ceol aḡarc aḡus píob. Cíúineas.

AN ĆÉAD M̃MAC.

ḡao ḡreacḡ liom ḡeic im' Ríḡ.

ḡIOLLA NA NAOMH.

Cao cúḡe?

AN ĆÉAD M̃MAC.

Ca ór aḡus airḡeao aḡ an Ríḡ.

AN DARA MAC.

Ca seoda uaiḡle aiḡe ina seod-teac.

THE SECOND BOY.

I see the swords and the spears.

THE FOURTH BOY.

I see the standards and the banners.

THE THIRD BOY.

I see the King's banner.

THE FOURTH BOY.

I see the King!

THE FIRST BOY.

Which of them is the King?

THE FOURTH BOY.

The tall comely man on the black horse.

GIOLLA NA NAOMH.

Let us salute the King.

THE BOYS.

(with the voice of one).

Take victory in battle and slaying, O King!

The voices of warriors are heard acclaiming the King as the host marches past with din of weapons and music of trumpet and pipes. Silence succeeds.

THE FIRST BOY.

I would like to be a King.

GIOLLA NA NAOMH.

Why?

THE FIRST BOY.

The King has gold and silver.

THE SECOND BOY.

He has noble jewels in his jewel-house.

AN CREAS MÁC.

ṬÁ eic̃ šeang̃a aʒus cona calma aʒe.

AN CEAC̃. MÁC.

ṬÁ claiðeam̃ colʒ-ʒéar cinn-óir aʒe aʒus
craoiseac̃ crann-ream̃ar ceann-ʒorm aʒus sʒiaç̃
ðearʒ ðearʒʒnuiʒç̃e ðeallrac̃. Dõ connacas̃ lá i
oç̃iʒ m'ac̃ar é.

AN CÉAD̃ MÁC.

Cia an ðealb̃ aʒus an ðéanaam̃ dõ bí air?

AN CEAC̃. MÁC.

Dõ bí sé árð uasal. Dõ bí sé láir
leac̃an-ʒuailneac̃. Folt̃ fada fionn air.
Éadañ áluinn uaiðbreac̃ air. Óá súil ʒéara ʒlasa
aʒe. Ionar sróil le n-a çneas. Léine lán-maiseac̃
ðearʒ aʒus coçall ʒeal air f̃a n-a çolainn. Brac̃
ríoʒða corcuir uime. Seac̃t noac̃a air, iðir ionar
aʒus léine aʒus coçall aʒus brac̃. ðealz̃ airʒið ar a
ðrollac̃. Mionn ríoʒða f̃a n-a ceann, aʒus ðac̃ an óir
air. Óá sʒiaç̃án mór̃a aʒ éirʒe os cionn a cinn aʒus
iðõ çom̃ ʒeal le sʒiaç̃ánaib̃ an f̃aoileáin aʒus çom̃
mór̃ le sʒiaç̃ánaib̃ an iolair. Dõ ba laoc̃ta an fear é.

AN DARA MÁC.

Aʒus caõ í an çuma nó an f̃eac̃ain dõ bí ar a éadan?

AN CREAS MÁC.

An raib̃ cuma ðorb̃ ðaʒarç̃ac̃ air?

AN CEAC̃. MÁC.

Dõ bíoð ar uairib̃.

THE THIRD BOY.

He has slender steeds and gallant hounds.

THE FOURTH BOY.

He has a keen-edged, gold-hilted sword and a
mighty-shafted, blueheaded spear and a glorious
red-emblazoned shield. I saw him once in my
father's house.

THE FIRST BOY.

What was he like?

THE FOURTH BOY.

He was tall and noble. He was strong and
broad-shouldered. He had long fair hair. He had a
comely proud face. He had two piercing grey eyes.
A white vest of satin next his skin. A very beautiful
red tunic, with a white hood, upon his body. A royal
mantle of purple about him. Seven colours upon
him, between vest and tunic and hood and mantle.
A silver brooch upon his breast. A kingly diadem
upon his head, and the colour of gold upon it. Two
great wings rising above his head, as white as the two
wings of a sea-gull and as broad as the two wings of
an eagle. He was a gallant man.

THE SECOND BOY.

And what was the look of his face?

THE THIRD BOY.

Did he look angry, stern?

THE FOURTH BOY.

He did, at times.

Δη Ḳέδο ḡΔα.

Δη ραιḃ sé ḡáireΔá?

Δη CeΔá. ḡΔα.

Ḳo rinne sé Δon ḡáire Δḡáin.

Δη ḲΔα ḡΔα.

CaḲ í Δη cḡma is ḡó Ḳo ḃíḡḡ Δir? Ḳorb nó ḡáireΔá?

Δη CeΔá. ḡΔα.

Cḡma ḃrónΔá. Δη uΔir Ḳo ḃíḡḡ sé Δḡ Δḡallaḡ na ríḡḡraíḡe Δḡus na laḡḡraíḡe Ḳo ḃíḡḡ sé borḃ Δḡus ḡáireΔá ḡáḡ re seΔl, Δáḡ Δη uΔir Ḳo ḃíḡḡ sé ḡna ḡost Ḳo ḃíḡḡ sé ḃrónΔá.

Δη Ḳέδο ḡΔα.

CaḲ é Δη ḃrón Δḡá Δir?

Δη CeΔá. ḡΔα.

ḡíl Δ ḡíḡs Δḡam. ḡa ḡílḡe Ḳo ḡΔḃ sé, ḃ'ḡéirḡir.

Δη ḲΔα ḡΔα.

ḡa ceΔlla Ḳo ḡreΔá sé.

Δη ḲreΔs ḡΔα.

ḡa caḡa Ḳo ḃriseΔḡ Δir.

ḡiolla na ḡΔom.

ḡo ḡruΔḡ Δη Rí ḃoḡḡ!

Δη ḲΔα ḡΔα.

ḡíḡr ḡΔaíḡ leΔḡ-sΔ ḃeíḡ íḡ' Ríḡ, Δ ḡiolla na ḡΔom?

ḡiolla na ḡΔom.

ḡíḡr ḡΔaíḡ. Ḳo ḃ'ḡeΔrr liḡm ḃeíḡ ḡm' ḡΔnaḡ ḡo ḡḡuḡḡḡn ΔR Δη Ríḡ.

THE FIRST BOY.

Had he a laughing look?

THE FOURTH BOY.

He laughed only once.

THE SECOND BOY.

How did he look mostly? Stern or laughing?

THE FOURTH BOY.

He looked sorrowful. When he was talking to the kings and the heroes he had an angry and a laughing look every second while, but when he was silent he was sorrowful.

THE FIRST BOY.

What sorrow can he have?

THE FOURTH BOY.

I do not know. The thousands he has slain, perhaps.

THE SECOND BOY.

The churches he has plundered.

THE THIRD BOY.

The battles he has lost.

GIOLLA NA NAOMH.

Alas, the poor King!

THE SECOND BOY.

You would not like to be a King, Giolla na Naomh?

GIOLLA NA NAOMH.

I would not. I would rather be a monk that I might pray for the King.

AN CEAT. MAC.

DO b'féidir dom-sa rlaiteas na críche so do
 gáidil ar beic foirbte dom, óir is de'n bfuil ríogda
 m'áchair.

AN DARA MAC.

ASUS is de'n bfuil ríogda m'áchair-se mar an
 gcéadna.

AN TREAS M'AC.

Is ead, agus m'áchair-se.

AN CEAT. MAC.

Ní leisfead an ríogacht le haon asaid. Is liom-sa í!

AN DARA MAC.

Ní leat, ácht liom-sa.

AN TREAS M'AC.

Is cuma cia leis í, is asam-sa béas sí.

AN DARA MAC.

Ní hasat, ná as éinne deo' creib.

AN CEAT. MAC

(as breic ar slait saile as agus á craicead).

Imreocad nimh mo claidimh oraid! Cornócad mo
 ríogacht ar mo náimtib. A Giolla na Naomh, suir ar
 an Rí!

Slór cluis do ceacht ó'n mainistir.

Giolla na Naomh.

Tá an clog as lahairt.

Muinnir na mainistreach do ceacht ar an bfaicte ina
 nouine agus ina nouine nó ina mbeirtib, agus an tAbb
 ina ndeiread. An macrao do uil ar fód i leit. Sleo an
 áda do ceacht i gcéin.

THE FOURTH BOY.

I may have the kingship of this country when I am
 a man, for my father is of the royal blood.

THE SECOND BOY.

And my father is of the royal blood, too.

THE THIRD BOY.

Aye, and mine.

THE FOURTH BOY.

I will not let the kingdom go with either of you. It
 is mine!

THE SECOND BOY.

It is not, but mine

THE THIRD BOY.

It matters not whose it is, for I will have it!

THE SECOND BOY.

No, nor anyone of your house!

THE FOURTH BOY

(seizing a switch of sally and brandishing it).

I will ply the venom of my sword upon you! I will
 defend my kingdom against my enemies! Giolla na
 Naomh, pray for the King!

A bell sounds from the monastery.

GIOLLA NA NAOMH.

The bell is ringing.

*The people of the monastery come upon the green in ones
 and twos, the Abbot last. The boys gather a little apart.
 Distant sounds of battle are heard.*

AN tAbb.

Δ ἑλανν, τὰ ἀν Ῥί ἄς ῥεαράδ κατὰ ἰη-ἄῖαιὸ Δ βίοῦῖδᾶδ.

AN Ḳéad Ṁanač.

Ṭo brisead̃ ar an Ṙíḡ so ḡad̃ cat̃ ina n̄deac̃aiō ḡo nuise so.

AN tAbb.

Δisl̄nḡ ṭo c̄onnacas̄ in̄diu ḡsus̄ m̄é ἰ ḃṛiaḡnuise mo Ṭé ṭo foills̄ḡeāḡ ḡom̄ ḡo m̄bris̄ṑear ar an Ṙíḡ ar̄is̄.

AN Ṭara Ṁanač.

Mo nuar!

AN Ṭreas̄ Ṁanač.

Mo nuar!

AN Ḳéad Ṁanač.

In̄nis̄ ṭúinn̄, Δ Ḃcair̄, ṑát̄ na m̄brisead̃ n̄ḡo-áir̄im̄ite so.

AN tAbb.

AN ṭóis̄ liḃ ḡo n̄ḡlac̄ṑar̄ ioṭḡbair̄c̄ ḡ l̄ám̄aiḃ ṑruail̄lis̄ḡc̄e? Ṭo ṭóirt̄ an Ṙí so ṑuil̄ na n̄eim̄c̄ion̄ntac̄. Ṭo rin̄ne τána ḡsus̄ creac̄a. Ṭo ḡéar̄-lean̄ na boīc̄t̄. Ṭo c̄réis̄ muinn̄tear̄ḡas̄ Ṭé ḡsus̄ ṭo c̄uaīḡ ἰ ḡcar̄ad̃as̄ m̄éir̄leac̄.

AN Ḳéad Ṁanač.

Is̄ ṑíor̄ sin̄. ḡṛeāḡ, is̄ maīc̄ an̄ com̄rac̄ ṭo-ḡní an Ṙí an̄ois̄, m̄ar̄ ac̄á, com̄lan̄n ṭ'ṑeāraḡ ar̄ son Δ muinn̄t̄ire.

AN tAbb.

Δin̄ḡeal̄ ṭo baḡ c̄óir̄ ṭo c̄ur̄ ḡḡ ṭort̄ad̃ ṑíona ḡsus̄ ḡḡ brisead̃ ar̄áin̄ na hioḡbar̄c̄a so.

THE ABBOT.

My children, the King is giving battle to his foes.

THE FIRST MONK.

This King has lost every battle into which he has gone up to this.

THE ABBOT.

In a vision that I saw last night as I knelt before my God it was revealed to me that the battle will be broken on the King again.

THE SECOND MONK.

My grief!

THE THIRD MONK.

My grief!

THE FIRST MONK.

Tell us, Father, the cause of these unnumbered defeats.

THE ABBOT.

Do you think that an offering will be accepted from polluted hands? This King has shed the blood of the innocent. He has made spoils and forays. He has oppressed the poor. He has forsaken the friendship of God and made friends with evil-doers.

THE FIRST MONK.

That is true. Yet it is a good fight that the King fights now, for he gives battle for his people.

THE ABBOT.

It is an angel that should be sent to pour out the wine and to break the bread of this sacrifice.

NÍ DO RÍġ URĊÓIDEAC IS DORTĊA AN FÍON UASAL BÍOS I
 ĠCUISEANNABĪ DEĠ-LAOC. NÍ AR ĠURÁILEAM RÍOĠ
 ĊIONNTAĠ IS ĊIORRĪUIĠĊE ĊAOM-ĊOLNA. ADEIRIM LIB
 NAĊ NĠLACĠAR AN IOĪBAIRT UAIĪ.

AN ĊÉAO MĠANAĊ.

AĠUS AN ĊIONNTAC ĊAC I ĠCIONNTAIB AN RÍOĠ? MĠ
 BUADĊAR AR AN RÍĠ BÉIĪ A OĪLĠS AR ĊAC. CÉARO ĠÁ
 N-IMIRTEAR OÍOĠALĊAS AR ĊAC MAR ĠEALL AR ĊIONNTAIB
 AN RÍOĠ? AR AN RÍĠ ĠEIN AN ÉIRIC.

AN TABB.

IS ĊIONNTAC ĠAC CINE I ĠCIONNTAIB A RÍOĠRAIĪE.
 ADEIRIM LIB NAĊ SAORĠAR AN CINE SO ĠO NĠADAIĪ ĊUCA
 RÍ IOHNRĠIC.

AN OARA MĠANAĊ.

CĠ ĪĠUIĠĊEAR RÍ IOHNRĠIC?

AN TABB.

NÍL A ĠIOS AĠAM MUNA ĪĠAĠĊAR I MEASĠ NA MAC
 MBEAS SO.

OÍOĪ AN MĠCRAĪ I OĊIMĊEALL AN ABBĪO ANOIS.

AN ĊÉAO MĠANAĊ.

AĠUS AN AMĠAIĪO BÉAS AN CINE ĠÁ OĠOR-SMAĊT ĠO
 BEIĊ IOHĊOMĠRAIC DO NA MACAIB BEAĠA SO? NÍ HÉ CĠS
 AN RÍOĠ IS TRUAĠ LIOM ACĊ CĠS AN ĊINE. OĪ ĊUALAS
 MNĠ AĠ ĠOL ARÉIR. AN MBEIĪO MNĠ AĠ ĠOL SA ĠCRIC
 SO ĠO BRĠĊ?

AN TRES MĠANAĊ.

AR ÉIRĠE O'N MAINISTIR AMAĊ OOM IOĪE, DO BÍ ĠEAR
 MARĪ AR IMEALL NA COILLE. IS UACĪÁSAC ĊAĊA.

Not by an unholy King should the noble wine that is
 in the veins of good heroes be spilt; not at the behest
 of a guilty king should fair bodies be mangled. I say
 to you that the offering will not be accepted.

THE FIRST MONK.

And are all guilty of the sins of the King? If the
 King is defeated its grief will be for all. Why must all
 suffer for the sins of the King? On the King the eric!

THE ABBOT.

The nation is guilty of the sins of its princes. I
 say to you that this nation shall not be freed until it
 chooses for itself a righteous King.

THE SECOND MONK.

Where shall a righteous King be found?

THE ABBOT.

I do not know, unless he be found among these
 little boys.

The boys have drawn near and are gathered about the Abbot.

THE FIRST MONK.

And shall the people be in bondage until these
 little lads are fit for battle? It is not the King's case
 I pity but the case of the people. I heard women
 mourning last night. Shall women be mourning in
 this land till doom?

THE THIRD MONK.

As I went out from the monastery yesterday there
 was a dead man on the verge of the wood. Battle is
 terrible.

AN DARA MANAC.

Ní heaó, is doibinn cačá! An uair do bíomar as
 déanamh ar nóna anois, a ádair, do cuasas tré
 salmaireacht na mbráđar glór buaóđail. Do lins
 mo croidé, agus do b'áil liom éirge ó'n áit a rađas
 agus dul i ndiaó an ceoil meannmnaíς úo. Do baó
 cuma liom dá mbaó cum mo báis do-geóđainn.

AN tABB.

Aicéasg ógánaiς an t-aicéasg sin. Fanann gač
 seanóir leis an mbás, áct téigeann gač ógánač ina
 cōinne. Dá dtiocfaó fear fuilteac ó'n ionad
 comgheice úo isteač san áit ciúin so, mar a
 scanann manaiς agus mar a n-imreann leinb, agus
 cáč do griosao cum a leanamna sa scoimeasgar,
 níl don annso nač n-éireočaó agus a leannain, áct
 mé fein agus an sean-bráđair buaileas ar gcloz.
 Níl don ađaiđ-se, a bráicre óga, níl ná don de na
 macaib beađa so, nač n-éireočaó uaim agus dul
 sa gcač. Cuireann an ceol úo na gcaicmíleaó
 croidé na n-ós ar meisge.

AN DARA MANAC.

Oireann an meisge do'n óige.

AN CÉAO MANAC.

A bráđair, is olc do lađarča.

AN tABB.

Tá leann lán-meisgeamail ann is ólta do gač
 ógánač, óir an té nár ól de go beic ar meisge óo
 ní bfuair eolas ar an mbeačaió. Is leis an leann
 úo cuireas Dia croidé na naomh ar meisge. Ní
 cosgfaínn oraib bur meisge, a fēara óga!

THE SECOND MONK.

No, battle is glorious! While we were singing
 our None but now, Father, I heard, through the
 psalmody of the brethren, the voice of a trumpet.
 My heart leaped, and I would fain have risen from
 the place where I was and gone after that gallant
 music. I should not have cared though it were to my
 death I went.

THE ABBOT.

That is the voice of a young man. The old wait
 for death, but the young go to meet it. If into
 this quiet place where monks chant and children
 play there were to come from yonder battlefield a
 bloodstained man, calling upon all to follow him into
 the battle-press, there is none here that would not
 rise and follow him, but I myself and the old brother
 that rings our bell. There is none of you, young
 brothers, no, nor any of these little lads, that would
 not rise from me and go into the battle. That music
 of the fighters makes drunk the hearts of young men.

THE SECOND MONK.

It is good for young men to be made drunk.

THE FIRST MONK.

Brother, you speak wickedness.

THE ABBOT.

There is a heady ale which all young men should
 drink, for he who has not been made drunk with it
 has not lived. It is with that ale that God makes
 drunk the hearts of the saints. I would not forbid
 you your intoxication, O young men!

Δη Ḳέδο ṁΔηΔς.

Ŋí léir dom Δ bríṡ so, Δ ΔtΔir.

Δn τΔbb.

An dóig leat dá labrócað an glór áluinn uac̃básac̃
 úto le n-a mbíonn na hósánaiḡ aḡ síor-ḡanḡain aḡus
 cluas le héisteac̃t órca, é do labairt anois san
 ionad úto mar a ḡfuil an luct caḡuiḡce aḡus na
 heac̃raiḡe aḡus an ceol, ḡo ḡcoing̃beoḡainn siḃ dá
 n-éireoḡaḡ siḃ cum a ḡreac̃arca? An dóig leat ḡo
 mbaḡ mór liom don aḡaiḃ do'n bás aḡus é aḡ
 labairt de'n glór áluinn uac̃básac̃ úto, an dóig leat
 ḡo mbaḡ mór liom doḡ an mac is oílse liom de na
 macaiḃ beaḡa so? Do leisḡinn uaim siḃ uile, ḡérḃ'
 uaiḡneac̃ dom-sa aḡus do'n tream-ḡráḡair annso.

An DARA Mac.

Ἡ ΚΑΘΑΡΟΪΣΙΟΝ καὶ Ἡ ΔΟΞΑ, Ὁ ΔΕΥΤΕΡΟΣ.

Δn τΔbb.

CÉARD FÁ N-ABRAIR SIN?

An DARA Mac.

ΔουβAIRT sé ʒo mb'fɛARR leɪs bɛɪt̪ ɪnΔ m̪nΔɔ.

Δn τΔbb.

Ἡ ἀὶ ϩαϭῥά-σα σα ζαϭῥ, α ῒοιυα na Ἡ αom?

ΣΙΟΛΛΑ ΝΑ ΗΔΟΜ.

Do račainn. Do račainn im' žiolla do'n Ríš 50
b'freastralainn air an uair do tréisfeadh cáic é.

Δn τΔbb.

Δὲτ ἰς τὸ νὰ νὰοῦμαι ἰς γιοῦλα τὺ, ἃ γιοῦλα νὰ
 νὰοῦ, ἀγῡς νί τὸ'ν Ρίξ.

THE FIRST MONK.

This is not plain, Father.

THE ABBOT.

Do you think if that terrible beautiful voice for which young men strain their ears were to speak from yon place where the fighters are, and the horses, and the music, that I would stay you, did ye rise to obey it? Do you think I would grudge any of you, do you think I would grudge the dearest of these little boys, to death calling with that terrible beautiful voice? I would let you all go, though I and the old brother should be very lonely here.

THE SECOND BOY.

Giolla na Naomh would not go, Father.

THE ABBOT.

Why do you say that?

THE SECOND BOY.

He said that he would rather be a monk.

THE ABBOT.

Would you not go into the battle, Giolla na Naomh?

GIOLLA NA NAOMH.

I would. I would go as a gilly to the King that I might serve him when all would forsake him.

THE ABBOT.

But it is to the saints you are gilly, Giolla na Naomh, and not to the King.

GIOLLA NA NAOMH.

NÍOR mÓR DO'N RÍġ BÓCT GIOLLA BEAġ NAĊ
OTRÉISFEADÓ É AN UAIR DO BRISFIÖE AN CAĊ AIR AĢUS
CÁĊ DÁ ĆRÉISEAN.

AN tABB.

ĆÁ AN CEART AĢ AN LEANÖ SO. CLÚ ACÁ UAINNE,
ACĊ DUALĢAS GIOLLA DO ÖÉANAM ACÁ UAIÖ-SEAN.

ĢLÖRĊA BRÖIN AĢUS BUAIÖEARTĊA.

AN ĆÉAO MĊANAC.

IS EASAL LIOM ĢO ĢFUL BUAIÖTE AR AN RÍĢ!

AN tABB.

ĆEİĢ AR AN MÚR AĢUS INNIS ÖÚINN A ĢFEICFIR.

AN ĆÉAO MĊANAC

(IAR NÖUL AR AN MÚR ÖÖ).

ĆÁ FEAR ĆUĢAINN AĢUS É AĢ TEİĊEADÖ.

AN ÖARA MĊANAC.

CIA AN ĆOSAMĊACĊ ACÁ AIR?

AN ĆÉAO MĊANAC.

FEAR FUILTEAC FANN, AĢUS A ĆOSA AR FOLUAMĊAIN
AĢUS AR FUAİÖREADÖ FAOI.

AN ÖARA MĊANAC.

AN FEAR ÖE MÚINNĊIR AN RÍÖĢ É?

AN ĆÉAO MĊANAC.

IS EADÖ.

AN MİLEADÖ DO ĊEACĊ AR AN LÁĊAIR, AĢUS É ĊRÉİĊ LAĢ.

AN MİLEADÖ.

ĆÁ BUAIÖTE AR AN RÍĢ!

NA MĊANAIĢ.

MO NUAR, MO NUAR!

GIOLLA NA NAOMH.

It were not much for the poor King to have one
little gilly that would not forsake him when the battle
would be broken on him and all forsaking him.

THE ABBOT.

This child is right. While we think of glory he
thinks of service.

An outcry as of grief and dismay is heard from the battlefield.

THE FIRST MONK.

I fear me that the King is beaten!

THE ABBOT.

Go upon the rampart and tell us what you see.

THE FIRST MONK.

(having gone upon the rampart).

A man comes towards us in flight.

THE SECOND MONK.

What manner of man is he?

THE FIRST MONK.

A bloodstained man, all spent, his feet staggering
and stumbling under him.

THE SECOND MONK.

Is he a man of the King's people?

THE FIRST MONK.

He is.

A soldier comes upon the green, all spent.

THE SOLDIER.

The King is beaten!

THE MONKS.

My sorrow, my sorrow!

AN MÍLEADÓ.

ṪÁ buaidṫce AR AN RÍṫ, ADEIRIM LIḂ. A LUCṫ NA
LEADAR AṫUS NA ṫCLOS, BA BEAṫ BUIR ṫCABDAIR ṫÚINN
SA ṫCOMṫRAC CRUAIṫ! ṪÁ buaidṫce AR AN RÍṫ!

AN TABB.

CÁ BṫUIL AN RÍ?

AN MÍLEADÓ.

ṪÁ SÉ Aṫ TEICEADÓ ROIME.

AN TABB.

ṪABDAIR TUARASṫABÁIL AN CACA ṫÚINN.

AN MÍLEADÓ.

NÍ FANANN URLABRA AṫAM. ṪUṫTAR DEOC ṫOM.

AN TABB.

ṪUṫTAR DEOC DO'N BṫEAR SO.

AN MAC BEAṫ DÁ NṫAIRMCEAR ṫIOLLA NA NAOMṫ
DO CṫDAIRTE UISṫE ṫÓ.

AN TABB.

LABDAIR LINN ANOIS AṫUS ṪABDAIR ṫÚINN
TUARASṫABÁIL AN CACA.

AN MÍLEADÓ.

Bṫ FEAR COMLAINN DEICNEADBAIR ṫAC FEAR ṫINN.
Bṫ FEAR COMLAINN CÉIO AN RÍ. ACṫ CÁR BṫEIRKDE
SINN AR NṫAISṫE? DO BUADAD ORAINN AṫUS DO
CEICEAMAR ROMAINN. ṪÁ NA CÉADṫA BONN LE BONN
AR AN MBÁN.

NA MANAIṫ.

MO NUAR, MO NUAR!

ṫLÓRCA ÁRDA AMUIṫ.

THE SOLDIER.

The King is beaten, I say to you! O ye of the books
and the bells, small was your help to us in the hard
battle! The King is beaten!

THE ABBOT.

Where is the King?

THE SOLDIER.

He is flying.

THE ABBOT.

Give us the description of the battle.

THE SOLDIER.

I cannot speak. Let a drink be given to me.

THE ABBOT.

Let a drink be given to this man.

*The little boy who is called Giolla na Naomh
gives him a drink of water.*

THE ABBOT.

Speak to us now and give us the description of the
battle.

THE SOLDIER.

Each man of us was a fighter of ten. The King
was a fighter of a hundred. But what availed us our
valour? We were beaten and we fled. Hundreds lie
sole to sole on the lea.

THE MONKS.

My sorrow! My sorrow!

A din grows.

AN DARA MANAC.

CIA TÁ CUSAINN?

AN CÉAD MANAC.

AN RÍ!

EACRAIÖE, MARCAIÖ, LAÖCRAÖ, SIOLLARNAÖ, 7C., DO CEACÖ AR
AN LÁCAIR ASUS AN RÍ ina bFOCAIR. AN RÍ DO ÖUL AR A ÖLÚNAIÖ
I LÁCAIR AN ABBAÖ, IAR SCAIÖEAM A CLAIÖIM AR LÁR ÖÖ.

AN RÍ.

CAÖAIR DO MALLACÖ DOM, A FÍR LE ÖIA, ASUS LEIS
DOM DUL D'ÉAS. TÁ BUAIÖTE ORM. TÁ BUAIÖTE AR
MO MUINNÖIR. ÖEIC SCACÖ DO FEARAS I N-ASÖIÖ MO
BÍÖÖBÖÖ ASUS DO BRISEÖÖ ORM SCÖ CAC ÖIÖÖ. MÉ
DO ÖUS FEARÖ ÖÉ AR AN SCRIÖ SO. IARR AR DO ÖIA
ÖAN A FEARÖ D'IMIRÖ AR MO ÖINE FEASTA ACÖ A HIMIRÖ
ORM-SA. ÖÉAN CROCAIRE AR MO MUINNÖIR, A FÍR LE ÖIA!

AN CABB.

ÖÉANFAIÖ ÖIA CROCAIRE ORÖA.

AN RÍ.

ÖO ÖREIS ÖIA MISE.

AN CABB.

ÖO ÖREISIS-SE ÖIA.

AN RÍ.

ÖO ÖREIS ÖIA MO MUINNÖIR.

AN CABB.

NÍOR ÖREIS NÁ NÍ ÖREISFÍÖ. SAORFAIÖ SÉ AN ÖINE
SO MÁ ÖABÖIÖ ÖUCA RÍ IONNRAIC.

AN RÍ.

CAÖAIR ÖÖIÖ MAR SIN RÍ IONNRAIC. CAÖAIR ÖÖIÖ DUINE
ÖE DO MANACAIÖ NÖ DUINE ÖE NA MACAIÖ BEASÖ SO LE
ÖEIC INA RÍÖ ORÖA. AN CAC AR DO CÖMAIRCE, A FÍR LE ÖIA!

THE SECOND MONK.

Who comes?

THE FIRST MONK.

The King!

*Riders and gillies come upon the green pell-mell, the King
in their midst. The King goes upon his knees before the Abbot,
and throws his sword upon the ground.*

THE KING.

Give me your curse, O man of God, and let me go
to my death! I am beaten. My people are beaten.
Ten battles have I fought against my foes, and every
battle of them has been broken on me. It is I who
have brought God's wrath upon this land. Ask your
God not to wreak his anger on my people henceforth,
but to wreak it on me. Have pity on my people, O
man of God!

THE ABBOT.

God will have pity on them.

THE KING.

God has forsaken me.

THE ABBOT.

You have forsaken God.

THE KING.

God has forsaken my people.

THE ABBOT.

He has not, neither will He. He will save this
nation if it choose a righteous King.

THE KING.

Give it then a righteous King. Give it one of your
monks or one of these little lads to be its King. The
battle on your protection, O man of God!

AN tAbb.

Ní heaò, áct ar comairce claidiù Ríog ionnraic.
Lábraiò liom, a clann, agus innsiò dom cia is
ionnraice in ùr meas?

AN Céad Mhnaic.

Do peacuiḡeas-sa.

AN Dara Mhnaic.

Do peacuiḡeas-sa.

AN Treas Mhnaic.

A dcair, do peacuiḡeamar uile.

AN tAbb.

Do peacuiḡeas-sa mar an gcéadna. Níl don dā
bhuil i n-aois fir nár peacuiḡ. Nac luac malartar
ḡaois an leinb ar bhois an fir! Is eadhaide sib,
a leanba, a bhuil ùr suim in ùr mbréasánaiḃ
agus ar suim-ne inar breactaiḃ! Is léir dom an
ní so aois. Do-ḡeobad Rí ionnraic i meas na mac
mbeas so. Lábraiò liom, a maca, agus innsiò dom
cia is ionnraice in ùr meas.

AN Macrao.

(o'aidias don duine).

Giolla na Naomh.

AN tAbb.

An mac beas bios as preastal ar cāc. Tá an
ceart ḡaiḃ. An té is isle é ùr doirde. A Giolla
na Naomh, an mbéir ió' Ríḡ ar an gcine so?

THE ABBOT.

Not so, but on the protection of the sword of a
righteous King. Speak to me, my children, and tell
me who among you is the most righteous?

THE FIRST MONK.

I have sinned.

THE SECOND MONK.

And I.

THE THIRD MONK.

Father, we have all sinned.

THE ABBOT.

I too have sinned. All that are men have sinned.
How soon we exchange the wisdom of children for
the folly of men! O wise children, busy with your
toys while we are busy with our sins! I see clearly
now. I shall find a sinless King among these little
boys. Speak to me, boys, and tell me who is most
innocent among you?

THE BOYS.

(with one voice).

Giolla na Naomh.

THE ABBOT.

The little lad that waits upon all! Ye are right. The
last shall be first. Giolla na Naomh, will you be King
over this nation?

GIOLLA NA NAOMH.

TÁIM RÓ-ÓZ, A ΔΕΑΙΡ. ΤΑΙΜ ΡΟ-ΛΑΣ.

AN ABB.

ΣΑΒ Ι ΛΕΙΤ ΕΥΣΑΜ, Α ΛΕΙΝΘ.

AN LEANΘ DO OUL ΕΙΣΕ.

Α ΘΑΛΤΑ Ο'ΟΙΛΕΑΣ, ΜΑ ΙΑΡΡΑΙΜ ΟΥΤ ΑΝ ΝΙ ΣΟ, ΑΝ
ΝΟΕΑΗΡΑΙΡ Ε?

GIOLLA NA NAOMH.

ΘΕΑΘ ΥΜΑΛ ΟΥΙΤ-ΣΕ, Α ΔΕΑΙΡ.

AN ABB.

ΑΝ ΟΤΙΥΘΡΑΙΡ ΑΣΔΙΘ ΔΡ ΑΝ ΣΑΔ?

GIOLLA NA NAOMH.

ΘΕΑΗΡΑΘ ΟΥΑΛΣΑΣ ΡΙΟΖ.

AN ABB.

Α ΜΙC ΒΙΣ, ΟΟ Β'ΦΕΙΟΙΡ ΣΥΡΑΒ Ε ΟΟ ΒΑΣ ΟΟ ΣΕΟΘΕΑ.

GIOLLA NA NAOMH.

ΜΟ CΙΟΝ ΑΝ ΒΑΣ, ΜΑ'Σ Ε ΟΥΟΙΣΤΕΑΡ ΟΟΜ.

AN ABB.

ΝΑC ΝΟΥΒΡΑΣ ΣΟ Ν-ΙΑΡΡΑΝΝ ΝΑ ΗÓΣΑ ΑΝ ΒΑΣ?
ΣΣΑΙΡΙΟ-ΣΕΑΝ Α ΣCUIΡΙΜΙΟ-ΝΕ Ι ΟΤΑΙΣΣΕ ΣΟ CÚΡΑΜΑC;
CÓRUIΣΙΟ-ΣΕΑΝ Α ΣΕΑΝΑΙΜΙΟ-ΝΕ. ΤΑ ΑΝ ΣΛÓΡ ÁΛUΙNN
ΥΑCΘÁΣΑC ΤΑΡ ΕΙΣ ΛΑΘΑΡCΑ ΛΕΙΣ ΑΝ ΛΕΑΝΘ ΣΟ.
ΡΕΑΣΥΡÓCΑΡ CÚ, Α ΕΑCΛΑΙΣ, Α ΒÁΙΣ! ΝÍ ΜÓΡ ΛΙΟΜ ΟΥΙΤ
ΜΟ ΘΑΛΤΑ.

AN RÍ.

Α ΑΒΒ, ΟΡΜ ΦΕΙΝ ΜΟ CΟCΑΙΝΤ ΦΕΙΝ. ΝÍ ΜΥΙΡΘΡΕΑΡ
ΛΕΑΝΘ ΔΡ ΜΟ ΣΟΝ-ΣΑ.

GIOLLA NA NAOMH.

I am too young, Father. I am too weak.

THE ABBOT.

Come hither to me, child.

(The child goes over to him.)

O fosterling that I have nourished, if I ask this
thing of you, will you not do it?

GIOLLA NA NAOMH.

I will be obedient to you, Father.

THE ABBOT.

Will you turn your face into the battle?

GIOLLA NA NAOMH.

I will do the duty of a King.

THE ABBOT.

Little one, it may be that your death will come of it.

GIOLLA NA NAOMH.

Welcome is death if it be appointed to me.

THE ABBOT.

Did I not say that the young seek death? They
are spendthrift of all that we hoard jealously; they
pursue all that we shun. The terrible beautiful voice
has spoken to this child. O herald death, you shall
be answered! I will not grudge you my fosterling.

THE KING.

Abbot, I will fight my own battles: no child shall
die for me!

An tAbb.

Ċusais dom do ċlaidēam, ašus do-ðeirim-se do'n leaňb so é. Aðeirim leat so ðfuil Dia tar éis laðarta tré ġlór a šeān-eaċlais, tré'n nġlór āluinn uaċbāsaċ ċišeas ó ċroide na ġcomlann.

Giolla na Naomh.

Leis dom an ní beas so do ðéanān, a Rí. Cosnóċad do meirġe so maiċ. Do-ðéarad ċuġat do ċlaidēam ċar n-ais tar éis an ċaċa. Mise do ġiolla beas ðéanfas faire an faio ċoolóċas an Rí, ar ðeic tuirseāċ óó. Coolóċad-sa anoċt ašus ðéanfair-se faire.

An Rí.

Mo ċruaiġe, mo ċrí ċruaiġe!

Giolla na Naomh.

Do ðíomar-ne inar ġcoolāð aréir ašus tusa aš taisteal na ġscríóċ nðorċa. A Rí ðoiċt, is faða do ċriallda. Ní ðéið mo ċrialld-sa āċt ġeairio.

An tAbb.

ġéill do'n ċaoiñ-iarratas so, a Rí. Aðeirim leat so ðfuil Dia tar éis laðarta.

An Rí.

Ní ċuiġim do ðia.

An tAbb.

Cia ċuiġeas é? Ní ċuiġim is toil leis, āċt umla. Tá an leaňb so umal ašus ðe ðríġ so ðfuil sé umal ðéanfair ðia mór-ðearta ċríó. Caiċfir ġéilleāð san ní so, a Rí.

THE ABBOT.

You have given me your sword, and I give it to this child. God has spoken through the voice of His ancient herald, the terrible beautiful voice that comes out of the heart of battles.

GIOLLA NA NAOMH.

Let me do this little thing, King. I will guard your banner well. I will bring you back your sword after the battle. I am only your little gilly who watches while the tired King sleeps. I will sleep to-night while you shall watch.

THE KING.

My pity, my three pities!

GIOLLA NA NAOMH.

We slept last night while you were marching through the dark country. Poor King, your marchings have been long. My march will be very short.

THE ABBOT.

Let this gentle asking prevail with you, King. I say to you that God has spoken.

THE KING.

I do not understand your God.

THE ABBOT.

Who understands Him? He demands not understanding, but obedience. This child is obedient, and because he is obedient, God will do mighty things through him. King, you must yield to this.

AN RÍ.

Ḡéillim, ḡéillim! Is mairḡ dom nár cuit san
ionnsaigíó áca úo!

AN tABB.

Ḑainteas a éadać de'n leab so ḡo ḡcuiteas uime
éioeao ríog.

A éadać do ḑaint de'n leab.

Cuiteas ionas ríogóa le cneas an leinb.

Ionas ríogóa do cur air, asus cuarósa ar a cósaib.

Cuiteas léine ríogóa uime.

Léine ríogóa do cur air.

Cuiteas uime an brac ríogóa.

An brac ríogóa do ḑaint de'n Ríḡ asus do cur um an mac.

Cuiteas mionn ríogóa fá n-a ceann.

An mionn ríogóa do ḑaint de'n Ríḡ asus do cur fá ceann an mic.

Tustas óo sḡiać an Ríog.

Sḡiać an Ríog do cāḑairt óo.

Ḑeannać ar an sḡeic so! ḡo mbaó ḑainḡean í
i ḡcoinne bíoḑḑao.

AN Laoćraó.

Ḑeannać ar an sḡeic so!

AN tABB.

Tustas óo craoiseać an Ríog.

An cāoiseać do cāḑairt óo.

Ḑeannać ar an ḡcraoisig so! ḡo mbaó ḡéar í
i ḡcoinne bíoḑḑao!

THE KING.

I yield, I yield! Woe is me that I did not fall in
yonder onset!

THE ABBOT.

Let this child be stripped that the raiment of a
King may be put about him.

(The child is stripped of his clothing.)

Let a royal vest be put next the skin of the child.

(A royal vest is put upon him.)

Let a royal tunic be put about him.

*(A royal tunic is put about him, above the vest,
and sandals upon his feet.)*

Let the royal mantle be put about him.

(The King takes of the royal mantle and it is put upon the child.)

Let a royal diadem be put upon his head.

*(The King takes off the royal diadem
and it is put upon the child's head.)*

Let him be given the shield of the King.

(The shieldbearer holds up the shield.)

A blessing on this shield! May it be firm against
foes!

THE HEROES.

A blessing on this shield!

(The shield is put on the child's left arm.)

THE ABBOT.

Let him be given the spear of the King.

(The spearbearer comes forward and holds up the spear.)

A blessing on this spear! May it be sharp against
foes!

AN LAOCHRAÖ.

BEANNACT AR AN SCRAOISIĞ SO!

AN tABB.

TUĞTAR ÖÖ CLAIÖEAM AN RÍOĞ.

AN CLAIÖEAM DO ÉADAICT ÖÖ.

BEANNACT AR AN SCCLAIÖEAM SO! SO MBADÖ CRUAIÖ
É AS BUALAÖ BÍOÖBADÖ!

AN LAOCHRAÖ.

BEANNACT AR AN SCCLAIÖEAM SO!

AN tABB.

ĞAIRMIM RÍ DE'N MAC BEAS SO, ASUS CUIRIM AN CAĆ
AR A COMAIRCE I N-AINM ÖÉ.

AN RÍ

(IAR NÖUL AR A ĞLÚNAIÖ ROIM AN MAC).

UMLUIĞIM ÖUIT, A RÍ, ASUS CUIRIM AN CAĆ AR DO
COMAIRCE.

AN LAOCHRAÖ, ĞC.

(IAR NÖUL AR A NĞLÚNAIÖ I ÖFIAÖNUISE AN MİC).

UMLUIĞIMİÖ ÖUIT, A RÍ, ASUS CUIRİMİÖ AN CAĆ AR
DO COMAIRCE.

ĞIOLLA NA NAOMH.

ĞADAIM LEM' AIS AN CAĆ DO COSAINT I N-AINM ÖÉ.

AN tABB.

TUĞTAR EAC ÖÖ.

EAC DO ÉADAICT ÖÖ.

ĞĞAOILTEAR MEIRĞE AN RÍOĞ.

AN MEIRĞE DO ĞĞAOILEADÖ.

ĆADAICT Ö'ASAIÖ AR AN ĞCAĆ, A RÍ.

THE HEROES.

A blessing on this spear!

THE ABBOT.

Let him be given the sword of the King.

*(The King lifts his sword and girds it round the child's waist.
Giolla na Naomh draws the sword and holds it in his right hand.)*

A blessing on this sword! May it be hard to smite
foes!

THE HEROES.

A blessing on this sword!

THE ABBOT.

I call this little lad King and I put the battle under
his protection in the name of God.

THE KING.

(kneeling before the boy).

I do homage to thee, O King, and I put the battle
under thy protection.

THE HEROES, MONKS, BOYS, ETC.

(kneeling).

We do homage to thee, O King, and we put the
battle under thy protection.

GIOLLA NA NAOMH.

I undertake to sustain the battle in the name of
God.

THE ABBOT.

Let a steed be brought him.

(A steed is brought.)

Let the banner of the King be unfurled.

(The banner is unfurled.)

Turn thy face to the battle, O King!

GIOLLA NA NAOMH

(IAR NOUL AR A ġLÚNAIḐ I ḐFIAḐNUISE AN ΔBBΔḐ).

Ḑeannuiḡ mé, Δ ΔČAIR.

Δn τAbb.

ḐeannaČt ort, Δ míc Ḑiḡ.

Δn ΛaoČraḐ.

Ḑeir buaiḐ ČaČa Δḡus ČosḡarČa, Δ RÍ!

Δn RÍ beΔḡ, IAR NOUL AR muin eiČ ḐḐ, Ḑo ḡluaiseaČt Čum
an ČaČa, Δḡus an ΛaoČraḐ Δḡus an ḡiollarnaḐ uime. Δn
τAbb, an RÍ, na manaiḡ, Δḡus an mČakraḐ Δḡ fÉaČain ort.

Δn τAbb.

Δ RÍ, Ḑo Ḑronnas ort an tseḐ Ḑo b'uaisle Ḑá
raiḐ im' ČeΔČ. Ḑa ḡeal liom an leaḐ ḡo.

Δn RÍ.

Δ ḡaḡairt, níor ḡlacas riam Ḑm' řḐ-ríḡČiḐ duais
Ḑo ba ríḡamla.

Δn ČÉaḐ mmanaČ.

Čáio i láČair an ČaČa.

Δn τAbb.

Δ Ḑia láioir, láioiriḡ lám an leinḐ so. Ḑainḡniḡ
Δ Čos. ḡéaruiḡ Δ ČlaiḐeam. ḡo mbaḐ méaḐuḡaḐ
meanman Δḡus árouḡaḐ aiḡne ḐḐ ḡlaine Δ ČroiḐe
Δḡus umlaČt Δ meoin. Δ ainḡeala Ḑo rinne na
príom-ČaČa, Δ šean-ΛaoČraḐ Ḑé, Ḑéanaio Čró caČa
ina ČimČeall Δḡus caČuiḡio roime le lannaio lasraČa.

na manaiḡ Δḡus an mČakraḐ.

Ámén, Ámén.

Δn τAbb.

Δ Ḑia, saor an cine so trÉ ČlaiḐeam an leinḐ
ionnraic.

GIOLLA NA NAOMH.

(kneeling.)

Bless me, Father.

THE ABBOT.

A blessing on thee, little one.

THE HEROES.

(with one voice.)

Take victory in battle and slaying, O King.

*The little King mounts and, with the heroes and soldiers
and gillies, rides to the battle. The Abbot, the King, the
Monks, and the Boys watch them.*

THE ABBOT.

King, I have given you the noblest jewel that was
in my house. I loved yonder child.

THE KING.

Priest, I have never received from my tributary
kings a kinglier gift.

THE FIRST MONK.

They have reached the place of battle.

THE ABBOT.

O strong God, make strong the hand of this child.
Make firm his foot. Make keen his sword. Let the
purity of his heart and the humbleness of his spirit be
unto him a magnifying of courage and an exaltation
of mind. Ye angels that fought the ancient battles, ye
veterans of God, make a battle-pen about him and
fight before him with flaming swords.

TE MONKS AND BOYS.

Amen, Amen.

THE ABBOT.

O God, save this nation by the sword of the sinless
boy.

AN RÍ.

ΔΣΥΣ Δ ḲRÍOST DO CÉASADḲ AR AN ΣΧNOC, TADAIR AN
LEANḲ SLÁN Ó'N ΣCAḲ CONTAḲARḲAC.

AN TABB.

Δ RÍ, Δ RÍ, NÍ CEANNUISḲEAR AN TSAOIRSE ΔḲT LE
MÓR-LUAC.

BUADḲALL DO LABAIRT.

TUΣTAR TUAASḲADAIL AN ḲACḲ OÚINN.

AN CÉAD MḲANAC ΔΣΥΣ AN OARA MḲANAC DO OUL AR AN MÚR.

AN CÉAD MḲANAC.

TÁ AN OÁ SLUASḲ AR ΔΣΔIḲ Δ CÉILE.

BUADḲALL EILE DO LABAIRT.

AN OARA MḲANAC.

OINN SIN! SIN É BUADḲALL AN RÍOΣ!

ΣARḲA.

AN CÉAD MḲANAC.

TÁ ΣARḲA OS ARḲ ΔΣ SLUASḲ AN RÍOΣ.

ΣARḲA EILE.

AN OARA MḲANAC.

TÁ AN NAMḲA ΔΣ Á ḲFREASAIRT.

AN CÉAD MḲANAC.

TÁ NA SLUASḲTE ΔΣ OUL 1 ΣCOMḲAIL Δ CÉILE.

AN OARA MḲANAC.

TÁ INA ḲROIO EATḲRḲA.

AN CÉAD MḲANAC.

TÁ AR MUINNḲIR ΔΣ ΣÉILLEADḲ.

AN TREADS MḲANAC.

NÁ HABAIR SIN.

THE KING.

And O Christ that was crucified on the hill, bring
the child safe from the perilous battle.

THE ABBOT.

King, King, freedom is not purchased but with a
great price.

(A trumpet speaks.)

Let the description of the battle be given us.

The First Monk and the Second Monk go upon the rampart.

THE FIRST MONK.

The two hosts are face to face.

Another trumpet speaks.

THE SECOND MONK.

That is sweet! It is the trumpet of the King!

Shouts.

THE FIRST MONK.

The King's host raises shouts.

Other Shouts.

THE SECOND MONK.

The enemy answers them.

THE FIRST MONK.

The hosts advance against each other.

THE SECOND MONK.

They fight.

THE FIRST MONK.

Our people are yielding.

THE THIRD MONK.

Say not so.

AN DARA MANAC.

Mo bhrón, cáid as géillead.

Buadball do labairt.

AN CREAS MANAC.

Binn sin arís! Ba crácaimail do labrais, a buadball an Ríog!

AN CÉAD MANAC.

Tá meirge an Ríog as dul sa scait.

AN DARA MANAC.

Cím an Rí beas!

AN CREAS MANAC.

An bfuil sé as dul sa scait?

AN CÉAD MANAC.

Tá.

NA MANAIS ASUS AN MACRAO

(o'aoon jué).

Beir buaidh cáta agus cosgartha, a Rí!

AN DARA MANAC.

Tá sé ina troid maic anois.

AN CÉAD MANAC.

Do ráinig óa fairrge le céile ar an mais.

AN DARA MANAC.

Óa fairrge fraoicta!

AN CÉAD MANAC.

Tá fairrge óioib as tráid.

AN DARA MANAC.

An namh atá as dul ar scúl!

THE SECOND MONK.

My grief, they are yielding.

A trumpet speaks.

THE THIRD MONK.

Sweet again! It is timely spoken, O trumpet of the King!

THE FIRST MONK.

The King's banner is going into the battle!

THE SECOND MONK.

I see the little King!

THE THIRD MONK.

Is he going into the battle?

THE FIRST MONK.

Yes.

THE MONKS AND BOYS

(with one voice.)

Take victory in battle and slaying, O King!

THE SECOND MONK.

It is a good fight now.

THE FIRST MONK.

Two seas have met on the plain.

THE SECOND MONK.

Two raging seas!

THE FIRST MONK.

One sea rolls back.

THE SECOND MONK.

It is the enemy that retreats!

Δη Ἐέδθ ḡΔηΔč.

Τὰ ἀν Ῥί beaz az ουl τρίοτα.

Δη ὉΔΡΑ ΜΑΝΔÇ.

Τὰ σὲ ἀγ οὐλ τριόττα μακ δο-ζεοῦδὸ σεαῦτακ τρέ
 ῖιον-έανδιδ.

Δη Ἐέδθ ḡΔηδć.

Νό μαρ το-ζεοῦδῶ παλ-κύ τρέ τρέιτ ἄοραῖ ἀρ
μαῖαιρε.

Αἰν ὉΔΡΑ ΜΑΝΔ.

ṀAR bORb-ŠRUč TRÉ bEARNAIN slÉibe!

Δη Ἐέδθ ḡΔηΔč.

Τὰ σέ ἰνὰ ῥαὸν ῥυαῖαι ῥοίμε.

An ṪARA mānāc.

Τά σεσηλβε μόρα ins an ̣cač. Τά sé ina časān
 čom-čáireac roim m̄arc an Ríoc!

Δη Ἐέδο ἡΔηΔε.

Δ ἔτιν ὀρῶα ὀσ ἑἰῃν Ἀη Ἀἰρ! Δ ἑἰν ἑἰνῆα
ἑἰν-Ἀῶῶα Ἀη Ῥῑῶς!

Δη ὉΔΡΑ ΜΑΝΔÇ.

Τὰ ἀνὰ τὰς τεῖχεσιν!

Αη ĆéΔο ṁΔηΔć.

Τά βυαῖοτε οῤῥά! Τά βυαῖοτε οῤῥά! Τά σέ ινα
 ὀεαῤῥ-ραοη ρυαῖαιρ! Ὀέανταρ λιβ ινα ὕαῤῥα
 μαοῖοτε!

Δη ὍΔΡΑ ΜΑΝΔÇ.

Mo bRón!

Δη Ἐέδῳ ἡΔηΔέ.

Mo bRón, mo bRón!

THE FIRST MONK.

The little King goes through them.

THE SECOND MONK.

He goes through them like a hawk through small birds.

THE FIRST MONK.

Yea, like a wolf through a flock of sheep on a plain.

THE SECOND MONK.

Like a torrent through a mountain gap.

THE FIRST MONK.

It is a road of rout before him.

THE SECOND MONK.

There are great uproars in the battle. It is a roaring path down which the King rides.

THE FIRST MONK.

O golden head above the slaughter! O shining,
terrible sword of the King!

THE SECOND MONK.

The enemy flies!

THE FIRST MONK.

They are beaten! They are beaten! It is a red road
of rout! Raise shouts of exultation!

THE SECOND MONK.

My grief!

THE FIRST MONK.

My grief! My grief!

AN tAbb.

CÉARD SIN?

AN CÉAD MĀNAC.

TA AN RÍ BEAS AR LÁR.

AN tAbb.

AN bfuil AN buaid aise?

AN CÉAD MĀNAC.

TA, aít TA sé féin AR LÁR. Ní fceim A ceann
órda. Ní fceim A lann lonnraó. Tácar as tózáil
A cuirp de'n bán.

AN tAbb.

AN bfuil AN namā as teicead?

AN DARA MĀNAC.

Táir. Táir as teicead agus TA AN tóir ina ndiaid.
Táir sáirce. Táir sáirce mar do sáirce ceo!
Nílir le fceisín AR AN mais.

AN tAbb.

A buide le Dia!

CLUINTEAR CAOINEAD.

Do fheadraó tú, a glóir uachtáir. A sean-eaclaí,
o'fheadair mo dalta.

AN TREAS MĀNAC.

Tácar as breic cūgáinn leinb mairb.

AN RÍ.

Aduðairt sé surab eisean do cōtlócad anocht agus
sur mise do déanfad faire.

THE ABBOT.

What is that?

THE FIRST MONK.

The little King is down!

THE ABBOT.

Has he the victory?

THE FIRST MONK.

Yes, but he himself is down. I do not see his golden
head. I do not see his shining sword. My grief! they
raise his body from the plain.

THE ABBOT.

Is the enemy flying?

THE SECOND MONK.

Yes, they fly. They are pursued. They are
scattered. They are scattered as a mist would be
scattered. They are no longer seen on the plain.

THE ABBOT.

It's thanks to God!

(*Keening is heard.*)

Thou hast been answered, O terrible voice! Old
herald, my foster child has answered!

THE THIRD MONK.

They bear hither a dead child.

THE KING.

He said that he would sleep to-night and that I
should watch.

ΛΑΟΪΚΑΘ ΟΟ ΞΕΑΪΤ ΔΡ ΑΝ ΘΡΑΙΪΤΤΕ ΑΣΥΣ CORP ΑΝ ΡΙΟΪΣ ΒΙΣ
ΔΡ ΞΡΟΪΑΡ ΑΔΑ; ΒΑΝΤΡΑΪΤ ΟΔ ΞΑΟΙΝΕΑΘ. ΛΕΑΣΤΑΡ ΑΝ ΞΡΟΪΑΡ
Ι ΛΑΡ ΝΑ ΡΑΙΪΤΤΕ.

AN RÍ.

ΪΥΣ ΣΕ ΜΟ ΞΛΑΙΘΕΑΪΝ ΞΑΡ Ν-ΔΙΣ ΞΥΣΑΜ. ΟΟ ΞΟΣΑΙΝ
ΣΕ ΜΟ ΜΕΙΡΞΕ ΪΟ ΜΑΙΤ.

AN τΑbb.

(ΑΣ ΤΟΞΔΙΛ ΑΝ ΞΛΑΙΘΙΝ ΘΕ'Ν ΞΡΟΪΑΡ).

ΘΕΙΡ ΛΕΑΤ ΑΝ ΞΛΑΙΘΕΑΪΝ.

AN RÍ.

ΝΙ ΘΕΑΡΑΘ, ΑΪΤ Α ΡΑΞΔΙΛ ΔΙΞΕ-ΣΕΑΝ. ΝΙΟΡ ΞΕΑΡΤ ΟΟ
ΡΙΪΣ Α ΞΟΤΛΑΘ ΟΟ ΘΕΑΝΑΪΝ ΪΑΝ ΞΛΑΙΘΕΑΪΝ ΔΙΞΕ. ΟΟ ΒΑ
ΡΙ ΡΙΟΡ-ΞΑΛΜΑ Ε ΣΟ.

ΑΝ ΞΛΑΙΘΕΑΪΝ ΟΟ ΤΟΞΔΙΛ Α ΛΑΙΝ ΑΝ ΑΒΒΑΘ ΟΟ'Ν ΡΙΪΣ ΑΣΥΣ
Α ΛΕΑΣΑΝ ΔΡ ΑΝ ΪΞΡΟΪΑΡ ΑΡΙΣ. ΑΝ ΡΙ ΟΟ ΘΥΛ ΔΡ Α ΪΛΥΝΑΙΘ.

AN RÍ.

ΥΜΛΥΙΪΜ ΘΥΙΤ, Α ΡΙ ΜΑΙΡΘ ΑΣΥΣ Α ΛΕΙΝΘ ΒΥΑΘΔΙΪΣ;
ΡΟΞΑΙΜ ΞΥ, Α ΪΞΑΛ-ΞΟΛΑΙΝΝ, Θ'Σ Ι ΟΟ ΪΛΑΙΝΕ-ΣΕ ΟΟ
ΞΑΟΡ ΜΟ ΜΥΙΝΝΤΙΡ.

ΞΛΑΡ ΕΑΘΑΙΝ ΪΙΟΛΛΑ ΝΑ ΝΑΟΪΝ ΟΟ ΡΟΞΑΘ ΘΟ. ΤΟΣΝΥΙΞΤΕΑΡ
ΔΡ ΑΝ ΪΞΑΟΙΝΕΑΘ ΑΡΙΣ.

AN τΑbb.

ΝΑ ΞΑΟΙΝΤΕΑΡ ΛΙΘ ΑΝ ΛΕΑΝΘ ΣΟ, ΘΙΡ ΟΟ ΞΕΑΝΝΥΙΞ
ΣΕ ΣΑΟΙΡΣΕ ΟΔ ΞΙΝΕ. ΘΕΑΝΤΑΡ ΛΙΘ ΝΑ ΪΑΡΞΑ ΜΑΟΙΟΤΕ
ΑΣΥΣ ΞΑΝΤΑΡ ΛΙΘ ΞΑΙΝΤΙΞ ΑΣ ΜΟΛΑΘ ΘΕ.

Tē Deum ΟΟ ΪΑΘΔΙΛ ΘΟΙΘ ΑΣ ΒΡΕΙΤ ΑΝ ΞΥΙΡΠ ΙΣΤΕΑΪ ΣΑ
ΜΑΙΝΙΣΤΙΡ ΘΟΙΘ.

Α ΞΡΙΟΪ-ΣΑΝ

*Heroes come upon the green bearing the body of Giolla na
Naomh on a bier; there are women keening it. The bier is
laid in the centre of the green.*

THE KING.

He has brought me back my sword. He has
guarded my banner well.

THE ABBOT.

(lifting the sword from the bier.)

Take the sword.

THE KING.

No, I will let him keep it. A King should sleep
with a sword. This was a very valiant King.

*(He takes the sword from the Abbot and lays it again upon
the bier. He kneels.)*

THE KING.

I do homage to thee, O dead King, O victorious
child! I kiss thee, O white body, since it is thy purity
that hath redeemed my people.

*(He kisses the forehead of Giolla na Naomh. They
commence to keen again.)*

THE ABBOT.

Do not keen this child, for he hath purchased
freedom for his people. Let shouts of exultation be
raised and let a canticle be sung in praise of God.

The body is borne into the monastery with a Tē Deum.

THE SCENE CLOSES.